

## **too hot (the kissing game)**

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## **too hot (the kissing game)**

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

kiss kiss fall in love!!

### Notes

hello big spoiler (but not really) but there is a lot of kissing in this so if that's not ur forte then ^\_^(^)\_^

this was just a excuse for me to practice writing tension and i feel like i did pretty okay?? idk whatever LMAO

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

How

the

*fuck*

did they end up like this? Well, George *knew* how they ended up in this position, but frankly, he was just shocked he'd managed to even get this far.

They sat on Dream's bed, wide eyed and anxious. He watched the way the blonde's Adam's apple moved as he swallowed.

"So," he started, voice nearly an octave lower than it usually was. "Are you down?"

The rules of the game were simple. Two players kiss without touching each other. If one player touches the other, they lose. The loser must do whatever the winner says. Simple.

It was not that simple.

The tension in the air nearly suffocated George as he croaked out a quiet "Yeah." Dream nodded, leaning forward ever so slightly into the older boy's space, green eyes already dark with a flush of pink dusting across his face. He was gorgeous. George couldn't stop staring.

He was surprised at himself for even suggesting the game, but was even more surprised at the fact Dream had practically jumped at the opportunity, practically scrambling out of his chair and completely abandoning the video he'd been attempting to edit.

It wasn't as if they hadn't spoken about it before. Dream dropping subtle hints of "Yeah, I'd totally kiss you if given the chance." or even a "It's not like I'd hate it or anything." And it's not like George hadn't had that on a loop in his head for the past week until it was such an overwhelming thought, the image of Dream leaning in, eyes fluttering closed, mouth parted-

He smacked his hand on his forehead feeling his face burn, startling Dream. The blonde boy immediately moved back, sitting tensely. "Do..do you not want to anymore?"

The brunette peeked between his fingers at Dream's anxious expression, heart stuttering in his chest. It was weird. This was all so weird.

"No, I still do," He mumbled, feeling his face rapidly growing warmer. "I'm just—" He froze, feeling fingers curl around his wrist and pulling down gently, hands moving away from his face. Immediately, he glanced up, seeing an outstretched pinky and a soft smile.

"Pinky promise we'll still be friends? This won't change anything, I swear." The American's voice

was barely above a whisper and George watched him nervously bite on his bottom lip.

Weird, George felt weird. Because the whole situation was weird. The word replayed in his mind.

Weird, weird, weird.

*Friends don't look at each other like that.* His traitorous brain remarked. *Friends don't want what you want right now.*

He swallowed nervously, raising his hand and linking his pinky with Dream's. "I promise."

The Brit watched the latter's eyes drop down to his mouth, and more butterflies erupted in his stomach, fluttering around with anxious wings. He felt himself being tugged in, pinkies still locked, until he could see the flecks of brown in Dream's eyes. Dropping their hands, he watched Dream lean past him, mouth right above his ear. It radiated warmth. "You ready?"

Face a bright shade of red, George only nodded, too flustered to speak. Dream pulled back, just enough so he could see George's face, though their noses were close enough to brush against each other. "Okay," He leaned in and George's stomach lurched. "No touching."

Kissing had always been weird to George. He'd only kissed a small number of people in his life, lips pressing against a stranger's at a uni party or a simple peck after a date. This? Having Dream press his mouth onto his? Was something entirely different.

He squeezed his eyes shut, hands gripping the bed sheets out of sheer anxiety as he felt the familiar warmth of a mouth pressing against his.

Soft was the first word that had come to mind. Warm was the next. Dream's mouth was soft and warm. As was to be expected, but actually feeling it pressed against his own? A new experience in itself. Dream hovered over him, George having to lean back to get comfortable as Dream gently kissed him. Electricity ran down the back of his spine and the butterflies turned into lava, hot and burning and oozing around, liquid heat in his gut. He gripped the sheets tighter.

His fingers twitched as Dream moved against his mouth, tongue poking out on occasion. The same message replayed in his mind: no touching, no touching, no touching. Touching meant he'd lose, and god, losing meant being at Dream's mercy.

*Or maybe that's what you want.* The traitorous part of his brain spoke up and his gut lurched. Suddenly, he felt Dream nudge him backwards softly, until his back hit the sheets and he felt the Americans hand's hands splayed out next to his head. He felt Dream bite at his bottom lip and involuntarily shuddered, another jolt running up his spine.

Dream pulled away and George felt him grip onto the sheets. "God, you're making this really hard." He rasped, eyes roaming the latter's face. George swallowed roughly.

"You could make it easier." He found himself saying, panting slightly, eyes glancing over to the hand spread out near his head. He watched Dream's mouth quirk up into a grin and he titled his head sideways.

"That means I'd lose though George," He wet his lips. "And when have you known me to give up a victory so easily?" He leaned down, mouth hovering right above George's ear. "You're close to breaking anyways, I can hold out a little longer."

He nipped playfully at the Brit's ear, feeling him arch up before diving back and kissing him roughly. George held back a groan, teeth clashing briefly as he felt Dream's presence overtake him. His hands twitched, desperate for something to grab onto and he had to hold himself back from holding onto the blonde's shoulders. Dream only pressed down harder, George squirming underneath him.

Dream knew he would crack soon enough. He pushed a little further, deepening the kiss until-

*Bingo.*

He felt George's hands shoot up, tugging him in for a bruising kiss. He indulged in it for a few seconds before grinning, pulling away with a laugh as the Brit covered his face realizing what he'd done.

"Yes!" He laughed, kneeling and pumping a fist in the air. "I win!" George moved his hands away from his face scowling, propping himself up on his elbows.

"You cheated."

“Wha- How did I cheat?! I won, fair and square.”

“No you- you cheated.”

“No, you just can't resist me.” A playful wink. George looked away.

Dream stared down at him, the cogs in his brain turning slowly. Gently, he placed a hand on the Brit's chest, pushing him back down into the mattress. His fingers splayed out across George's chest and he could feel his heart thundering beneath his fingertips.

“And now,” His hand crawled up slowly, cupping George's jaw, and he watched his breath hitched as Dream's thumb dragged over his bottom lip. “Now you have to do what I want.”

George thinks he might die, if he hadn't already.

Dream swooped down again, kissing George like he was a starving man, wanting and craving only one thing. The Brit feels his gut lurch yet again, lava bubbling up again.

*Kissing is weird.* George found himself thinking again. *Kissing is weird, but not when it's Dream.* His eyes fluttered shut as Dream pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth, before nudging George's head to the side and nipping at his neck. He jerked up, trembling, one hand gripping tightly to the fabric of Dream's shirt and the other a fist he used to cover his mouth as he felt the blonde suck harshly at the junction of his shoulder and his throat.

The American pulled away with a harsh pop, taking it the blooming dark spot on the latter with a cocky grin. Quickly, he maneuvered away, getting off the mattress and stretching. He glanced towards the bed, seeing George turn his head towards him curiously.

He tapped his chin thoughtfully. “I'm not sure what I should make for dinner, you want pizza rolls or something? I'm feeling kinda hungry.” He laughed seeing George's dazed expression become wild and he sprinted out the bedroom door as George cried out in shock.

“Dream!! You can't just- oh my god!!”

## End Notes

yuhh get into it

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